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REPLY TO DR. BURTS

Time Has Come for Negroes to Teach
Their Own Schools.

Editor The Intelligencer: In Wednesday morning's issue of your good paper, there appeared a Columbia daily article giving in part a sermon delivered by Rev. C. E. Burtis, D.D., pastor of the Columbia First Baptist church. As Mr. Burtis is a former Anderson county man, the article attracted considerable local interest. Mr. Burtis, in his sermon, referred to the bill introduced in the legislature by Representative Fortner and vigorously advocated by Gov. Blease which deprive the negro of training in schools by white teachers. In part, Mr. Burtis said:

"The southern people are the best fitted to help the negro to a higher life. It is their duty to save him—have him in a trained mind and an upright life."

Mr. Burtis says we send missionaries to Africa to teach the negro and that we should not deny him these blessings here at home. In other words, the Columbia minister is in favor of white women and white men teaching in negro schools, which is nothing more nor less than advocating social equality and which, if permitted, will in time lead to the social intermingling of the races. God almighty never intended that the two races mix, but a majority of the white-livered Yankees assisted by a few of our southerners, are trying to bring about conditions by which the negro will not only be the social equal of the whites, but will take charge of the government machinery.

But matters are drawing nearer and nearer to a "show down"—whether a white man or negroes are going to control America—and whether each race will be kept separate and distinct—or if the United States shall become a nation of mule-niggers.

The emancipation of the negroes was not occasioned by an outburst of Christian philanthropy on the part of the north. Not a bit of it. The northern men were the first slave-owners, and weaked the black man to a fare-you-well, but he pined and died in the cold waters, so his northern master sold him to the southern man, who found the negro exactly suited to the southern farm work.

The south was sparsely settled and the land held in large bodies. With slave labor the southern planter began to grow rich by leaps and bounds. The north soon became jealous—and then was the first time that the religious and God-fearing north experienced its first attack of pity for the big fat possum eating negro down on the southern farms. The growing richness of the south threatened the commercial domination of the north, and a wall went up for the liberation of the negro slaves—not that the average northerner cared a whoop in Heaven for the African, but saw in emancipation a death blow to southern progress and prosperity. Without slave labor they argued that the southern farmer would be shorn of his ability to become rich and that as a natural consequence the north would still hold commercial supremacy as she had done in the past.

This sentiment being advocated by the money interests, gave the opportunity for that class of humanity whose sole happiness consists in agitation. It matters very little what the subject may be, but so they can agitate.

The church always supplies a strong contingent for each army of agitation. Mistaking brain storms for religion, and mistaking for faith, this class of alleged disciples of the meek, lowly and peace-loving Nazarene howled on the trail until their damnable work was rewarded by a war among brothers that well nigh wrecked a prosperous continent, drenched our fair land with the blood of her bravest sons, both north and south and sent sorrow, pain and anguish into every nook and corner of North America. On a thousand bloody battlefields lay fathers and sons, torn and mangled by shot and shell—gasping out their souls in a struggle to blot out bigotry and hell-born selfishness.

On battlefields literally covered with gore, the war demon finally rested after a four years' feast upon the heart blood of our dearest, bravest and best. The negro was free—and maimed and impoverished southern soldiers crept back home to begin anew the struggle for existence.

Many unnecessary crocodile tears have been shed over the condition of the negro the day he was set free, but none for the crushed and impoverished southern soldier who went to battle a rich man, and came back broken in health and a pauper to meet. When people really try to make blank hypocritical fools out of themselves, they generally turn out a first class job.

While those alleged pious New England Christians were weeping over the helpless condition of the poor emancipated negro slaves, there some rooms were staying right with "the masses" working with him all day and mauling him at night—never missing a meal—provided the old boss had a bit of provisions—and were the merriest, jolliest, happiest people on God's green earth.

I know that the above statements will not be credited by those northern agitators who always picture a negro as going full speed for the gallows, pursued by three dozen vicious man-eating blood hounds and a gang of armed white men. It is, however, a matter of the most supreme indifference to the writer what such people think. The only source of surprise is that they are competent to think at all—that they even dare to class their actions as the result of mental force.

I make the positive and unadorned assertion that had those mendacious, hypocritical northern agitators been content with the emancipation of the negro—and permitted him to remain unmolested inwards and the same situation among the southern white people—there would today have been no race problem and the white man and the black man would have been on just as peaceful terms, as when the one was master and the other a slave.

The northern church workers, not

content with sending their own white women school teachers to South Carolina and other southern states, to teach a gang of bar heads, but through their church organizations, work on the sentiments of southern preachers and convert a few like Rev. Burtis to the "Christian" idea that it is their duty to oppose any legislative measure that would bar white men and women from teaching in negro schools.

The entering wedge that is alone responsible for race trouble in the of which the writer proudly admits he is one, would avoid—is the inferred, if south—which Gov. Blease and his kind not openly avowed advocacy by northern sentimentalists of social equality between the high-strung, free-born white skinned Anglo-Saxon and the thick skulled, black skinned Afro-American. Such an idea has never yet found lodgment in the brain of any decent, self-respecting patriot, white skinned American citizen—man or woman.

Social equality means the making of the straight-haired, white skinned daughter of the white American citizen to the kinky-headed, thick lipped odoriferous descendant of an African ex-slave.

Is there a white man or woman who endorses such a national disgrace? If so, they are merely mental and moral perverts—absolutely unworthy of social recognition—traitors to American manhood and womanhood—and last, but not least, the most dangerous enemy that menaces the future welfare of the negro.

He may not believe it now, but if he clings to that idea the day will come when both he and his degenerate white adviser will wish they had never been born.

In order to place the negro on a plane of social equality with the Anglo-Saxon, it will first be necessary to kill or disable every decent self-respecting white man and white woman—or to degrade the entire nation until its mental and moral character has reached the level of the black race. That the negro occupies a much lower level than the white man is admitted. Otherwise, why the struggle for elevation? The south has always been the home of the Afro-American.

Either as a slave or freeman, he has very little trouble with his white neighbors if let alone, and undisturbed by that class of fallacious northern philanthropists, who at heart don't care a damn for the negro's prosperity just so they can use him as a means to disturb and retard southern progress. That's all the milk there is in the negro's coconut.

The trouble is, the negro hasn't enough sense to see the danger following the lead of northern and a few southern agitators like Rev. Burtis. All of the southern negroes are not such fools—but the great mass are inclined to reach the social equality when it would be just as easy to pull down the fall moon with the heavy arm.

Especially down such a million appeal to that great horde of young negroes—who have rushed into the southern towns and cities—received this educational career and fancy themselves a mental and social peer of the white man. They do not yet, Solomon in all his glory never sported such large noses or wore such polished shoes as those degenerate and conceited descendants of an honest hard working black yeomanry. They haunt the crowded corners—wink at the swarms of shameless black bawds who crowd decent white women into the gutters—live with insectum eyes upon the pure, sweet daughters of the white man and entertain thoughts (which if expressed) would raise the earth of their useless presence and send them to hell in a hurry.

The negro has the distinction of being the only living creature that is dissatisfied with the work of the Creator. He hates his race—his color—his physical appearance—and ascends his entire life longing to be something else. His dream will never be realized.

The Chinaman would not change his color if he could, or swap his traditions for those of any nation on earth. The Jew is proud of his lineage and is content.

The dusky Turk looks upon the pale faced Anglo-Saxon with scorn and contempt.

Even the American savage believed himself the owner of human wisdom and never envied his pale faced neighbor.

The skin clad Eskimo eats his blubber of walrus, drinks his luscious seal grease and pities the poor shivering white man who dines on insubstantial swine and has to put up with mean whiskey and sloppy beer.

The writer takes no pleasure in calling the attention of our white people to the growing tendency of some white ministers who in a way favor too much laxness of the line of separation between the races—but does so not only as a protection to white society, but to keep before the American people the danger that threatens the very life and foundation of this great republic.

We yet hope to see the Fortner bill become a law in South Carolina, and that when Blease goes to the United States Senate, he will be able to pass a national law along the same line.

Victor B. Cheahire,
Anderson, S. C. March 1, 1914.

Tribute to Westinghouse

New York, March 14.—A hundred thousand men and women stopped work today as a tribute to George Westinghouse whose genius gave them the means of livelihood. The inventor of the electric light bulb today while machinery stood idle in a dozen factories in America and Europe.

Exious Car Strike

Terre Haute, Ind., March 14.—A strike of union street car employees here tonight developed into a riot. The police are powerless to stop. Cries of "strike" drew crowds to the street which were the conductors and motormen of the cars, then turned to wrecking cars.

W. L. Cenny of Septon, who was here Friday, expressed the hope that the residents of the Lebanon school district would vote a bond issue for a new school.

The Grand Promoter

He Was Almost Out When Luck Turned
By M. QUAD

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It was almost a zero temperature in his office when the grand promoter got down there the other morning. For half an hour he tried to build a fire with sawdust and an old derby hat, but it was no go.

If he went up to the dentist's office to get warm he would be dunned for \$3 borrowed money.

That morning at the table the landlady had glared at him.

He must come down with the cash again.

He was played out at every free lunch place within a mile.

Never before in his career as a grand promoter and a grand deadbeat had he been so close to a desperate situation. He felt that he had been wronged. He felt that he was a victim to be pitied.

In a drawer of his three' red desk was an old revolver. He brought it out a junkman for 35 cents, and he had made use of it to menace his clothes cleaner when that person came up and stood in the door and shouted out:

"You owe me \$4, and if you don't pay this day I shall have you in prison in two minutes."

A night of the deadly pistol had always been the cleaner downstairs on the jump, and saved the major's dignity, but shouldn't it be used for a different purpose now?

The major placed the muzzle of the weapon to his ear and shuddered.

He opened his mouth, thrust the pistol into the cavity and sighed.

He held it against his heart and counted twenty and didn't pull the trigger.

"No, no; I will live on!" he exclaimed as the pistol was replaced and he stood up.

"That's right, old rooster!" exclaimed a hearty voice at the door, and the major turned to behold a jolly faced stranger.

"Want can I do for you, sir?"

"Give sympathy and help to a brother in trouble."

"What's you about to commit suicide?"

"I was."

"In hard luck?"

"The hardest kind."

"Don't do it, major. I came in here two months ago with only \$2 left. I had determined to take a desperate chance—that is, to invest my last shilling with you. You sold me some silver stock at 3 cents on the dollar. You said it would soon be worth 50."

"But I was deceived," replied the major, who expected a blowing up.

"But don't you had to me—that this a trooper. But don't get nervous over it. I have called to thank you."

"You are here?"

"Yes, sir. I have sold that stock at 100."

"And—and as I put you on to a good show you have come to this?"

"Nixy on the divide, major; just my thanks."

"But you have made thousands!" was yelled.

"Had to or bust."

"You ought to give me \$1,000."

"I have to take a trip around the world."

"Say 500, then."

"I go to see about a castle on the Rhine, major. Ta, ta."

Major Crawford's legs gave under him, but he wobbled to the desk and brought out that old revolver.

It should be death this time.

The grim grimace of death.

He had had a fortune in his hands and let it go to another.

"Hang on! Of what use when the world had given him the boot? No, he would not hang on. He would be found dead in his chair, and his wife should lay heavy on the conscience of those who had picked on him and driven him to a rash act.

The major had the muzzle to his ear again and was wondering if it made any difference which ear received the fatal bullet when a woman's voice cried out:

"Hold, rash man—hold!"

"I will not!"

"You must!"

"I am ruined and can no longer face the world."

Major Crawford, don't you recognize my tragedy? Put down that fatal weapon and turn your face to me. Why?"

"My humanity!" he gasped as he obeyed her.

"Believe me."

"But you gave me the cold glare this morning."

"I did and was sorry for it five minutes later. You owe me about \$50, but should a business worthy of a name glare about a trifle like that?"

"But I can't pay it!" desperately announced the major.

"No one asks you to. Room and board with the right price for the next two years and nothing will be said about the bill."

"Mrs. Crawford, you can't mean it!"

"That's the sort of a woman I am. And there will be no poisonous streak for you at every dinner."

"Am I alive or dead?"

"As lively as a cricket, major, and please take this and use it as your best judgment dictates."

"I certainly am dead and in paradise."

"And come to dinner early, major, and change your seat to the head of the table."

If when she had departed the major looked over the rusty old stove, broke the backs of the two chairs and drew down a lunch place he knew of and ordered three pork sausages well done.



How Can You Know Piano Values?

How can you tell the value of your piano? The real value of the piano you are about to buy? Can you determine piano values by outside appearances, determine the permanence and quality of tone by one hearing? Do you know piano construction in plate and scale design? Can you pass upon the quality of action, varnish work, veneers, and can you trust your own judgment as to durability and dependability?

The one sane and safe way to buy a good piano is to patronize a house of highest commercial standing, state your needs, and benefit by the judgment, the experience and the integrity of

that house. You will pay no more, and your after-satisfaction will prove the wisdom of your choice.

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when she catches sight of our candy, and her mother—well, she thinks it if she doesn't say it. All the newest sorts of confections—all fresh you may be sure—grace our counters, show cases and show windows. Pound packages of Dolly's at 25 cents, etc., afford a wide range as to choice and favorite flavors.

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